By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke yon now are all in *Metaline.* *Exit*

Enter two Gentlemen

1. *Cent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit*

Enter three Bands

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere came heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if hee ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſweaters Prieſts,

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Bane. Faith ther's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh daggedge would but giue ſtay to cuſtomers.

Entter Lyſimachus

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginitiys?

Baud. Now the gods bleſſe your Houour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for
ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now?
you, that a man may deale withall, and
Baud. We haue one heere ſir if ſhe
But there neuer came her like in *Met*
Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deede of dark
Baud. Your honour knowes what
Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.
Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, whi
Roſe, and ſhee were a Roſe indeede, i
Lyſ. What prethee?
Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.
Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne o
giues a good report to a number to b

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which gr
Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?
Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a
Well, ther's for you, leaue vs.
Baud. I beſeech your honour giue
And Ile haue done preſently.
Lyſ. I beſeech you do.
Baud. Firſt, I would haue you not
Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I
Baud. Next, ihee's the gouernor o
whom I am bound to.
Mar. If he gouerne the Country,
deede, but how honorable he is in tha
Baud. Pray you without and more
vſe him kindly? he will line your Ap
Mar. What he will doe graciouſl
Lyſ. Haue you done?
Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not paſte
paines to worke her to your mannag
Honour and her together.

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